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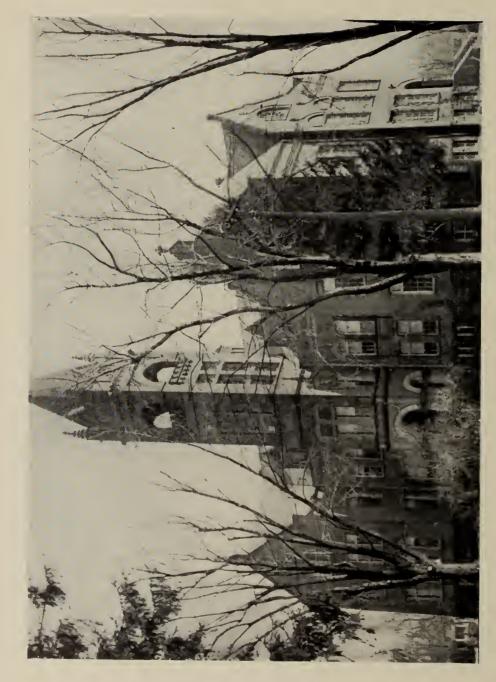
# London Normal School

presents

# The Spectrum



This book is dedicated to our loyal armed forces



Normal School · London, Ont. ERECTED IN 1899

# VALEDICTORY

Is it with a deep sigh of relief or a rather unlooked-for feeling of sadness with which we view the conclusion of an eventful year at the London Normal School? Perhaps a little of both. Remember the day that we first entered the lofty halls of the London Normal School? Fresh from the gaieties and escapades of our high school days we crossed the threshold of a new world, the world of the teacher. How we smiled (and silently contradicted) when we were told how we were to change by the end of our short school year!

During the first few weeks we were bewildered and confused, despite all efforts made to "climatize" us. We found ourselves wrestling with a new routine and a new vocabulary, with such words as motivation, stimulus, response and management (which many of us thought was maintained by means of the birch-rod). Gradually, however, we learned to adjust ourselves to our new life and began to realize that every possible aid would be given us to help us, along the way. Who will ever forget that first lesson? Good or otherwise, we shall always think of it with a little smile. Our life, however, has not been all work. We have had many good times during our year and those good times, I believe, have taught us how to combine work and pleasure.

Let us not forget, as we depart from L. N. S., that to our teachers of the year, the Masters, Instructors and Critic Teachers, we owe a great debt. At all times they have been patient, frank, helpful, and inspiring. Which of us, at some time during the year, has not said to himself: "If I could only teach like that." In us, then, they have kindled the flame of a desire to be, in all respects, good teachers.

We, of this generation, are unique, in that we are faced by a danger which threatens to destroy everything which we hold dear. Therefore it is imperative that we have as our aim, the preparation of good Canadians who will, if need be, protect our threatened ways of life.

Let us, then, go forth from the London Normal School with a desire to achieve our goal. Perhaps Socrates defines that goal in the following excellent terms: "The whole of education should be toward the acquisition of such knowledge as will teach men to refuse evil and to choose good."

Sydney North.

# CONFIDENCE AND WISDOM

Many, many centuries ago there lived in ancient Thrace a shepherd and his three sons.

One Summer afternoon Chan, the oldest of the three, was engaged in testing the edge of a bronze knife he had but recently acquired. Chancing to lop the ends from a dry reed he put it to his lips to blow out the scaly pith and was astounded by the sound of a clear, bright note. Again he blew and again the note floated sweetly on the air. The more he blew the more delighted he became, and the more delighted he became the more he blew.

Xan, the second son, seeing the sheep lift their heads and move toward the sound of the note, sought to emulate the fact. Cutting a section of reed he applied it to his lips but only a blubbery sound came forth. "Tis the fault of the weather", he exclaimed. "The dampness has smothered the voice of my reed". A second attempt proved no more successful. "Tis my dull flint knife", he muttered. "Had I a bronze blade I could do as well as Chan". Following a third failure he cried, "The gods are against me. I try no more".

Pan, the youngest, likewise made attempt. "I have failed in some fashion", he said, on hearing a low hollow sound from his first effort. "Perhaps my reed is over long". The note from his second pipe came high and shrill while that from his third and that from his fourth, though less piercing, were far from lovely. "My craftsmanship is but little mended", he murmured, as he proceeded to blow the four pipes one after the other to discover if possible wherein his fault lay. Surprise widened his eyes and again he blew the reeds in quick succession. While no one note was as pure as that produced by Chan, the four conjoined made music such as no ear before had heard.

It is told of Pan that he perfected his instrument by binding the four pipes together with blades of wire grass and that the tunes therefrom were so compelling that even the foxes left their burrows to follow his heels.

Success begets confidence, but failure is the mother of wisdom.

In the profession you are about to enter may it be your good fortune to gain joyous confidence from an abundant success and likewise golden opportunity from an abundant failure. May you have the honesty to assume responsibility for your disappointments and the courage to fashion out of these an enduring wisdom.

Harry Amoss,
Director of Professional Training



# OUR MASTERS

C. E. MARK, B.A., D.Paed., Principal.

Among the democratic ideals with which you have been confronted at almost every turn during your year of training, none is more vital than a gripping sense of responsibility—that call of duty which England still expects of every one of her sons and daughters.

Another appeal that has been impressed upon us all year by experiences, personal, national, and international, is the burning realization of the urgent importance of the present; now is the time to rally to the call of duty, to-morrow is too often forever too late.

These virtues constitute my farewell wish for each member of the class of 1941-42.

### G. W. HOFFERD, M.A., D.Paed.

It has been a pleasure to have had a share in adjusting you to the art of teaching. My hope is that your innate ability and devotion to duty may enable you to apply effectively the pedagogical procedures which I tried to help you understand and appreciate.

#### T. E. CLARKE, B.A., B.Paed.

Some knowledge gained in student days may be forgotten; some athletic skills of youth may diminish with the years; but may the ideals expressed in this book never lose anything of their fervour.

#### E. H. McKONE, B.A., B.Paed.

Life brings to the graduate the glorious opportunity of learning to stand in his own strength. He who becomes successful puts aside all those things upon which he has learned to lean for support and looks within for that certainty of purpose upon which achievement depends. He does not repeat words he does not understand but creates greatly and lastingly by being loyal to himself. He puts aside the past however comfortable, however pleasing, however delightful it may have been and welcomes the future and endeavors to bring that future in its fulfilment into the present.

#### J. G. McEACHERN, B.A., B.Paed.

"Let us, therefore, brace ourselves to our duties and so bear ourselves" that we "shall not fail or falter; we shall not weaken or tire".—Churchill.







# **OUR INSTRUCTORS**

J. M. MOORE, L.C.C.M.

Song brings of itself a cheerfulness that wakes the souls to joy.—Euripides.

## ISABEL E. DAVIDSON.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of oneself.

#### DOROTHY EMERY, A.O.C.A.

Art is not imitating; it is adapting.

# A. F. HAGERMAN.

I never heard of an apostle, prophet, or public benefactor resting from his labours. They died with harness on.—Thos. Campbell.

# LOUISE GAHAN.

Quotation from Visitors' Book of S.S. 14, Southwold, 1863, the property of Miss Ann Tufford: "The rose doth not know what becomes of its perfume; neither do you know what becomes of the example and influence which rolls from you away on its perilous mission. Take a lesson from this and let both your example and influence be good".

### WINIFRED R. PRENDERGAST.

Good sportsmanship is a moral quality like honesty, truthfulness, loyalty, co-operation, all of which it in fact includes. And it is in no way biologically inheritable.





ISABEL E. DAV!DSON, Dean of Women and Instructor in Home Economics and Hygiene.



ANDREW F. HAGERMAN, Instructor in Manual Training



LOUISE GAHAN, Librarian and Instructor in Library Methods

JEAN M. MOORE, Instructor in Music.





DOROTHY EMERY, A.O.C.A., Instructor in Art.

WINIFRED R. PRENDERGAST, Instructor in Phys. Education, Secretary and Registrar.







# YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

Consulting EditorDr. G. W. Hofferd	Humour
EditorAnne Morgan	Prose Ella Cruickshank
Business ManagerMax Johnson	Poetry
Assistant Business Manager, Ross Middleton	Art Juliana Matuska
PhotographyAlice Baxter	Girls' Athletics MARGARET PATTERSON
Social Activities	Boys' AthleticsBERNARD HOY

Camera Men -- JOHN WHEELER, LEONARD EVANS

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Chesley Ave Miss Mae Thompson Miss Clara Tupper
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Lorne Ave Miss Hazel Henderson Miss Norma Kidd
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MISS AGNES VROOMAN
MISS L. KATHLEEN DOLAN
MR. WM. SHALES
MR. W. M. HERRON
MR. W. H. ADAMSON
MR. R. J. BLAKE



# The End is the Beginning

"As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee, As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me".

 $\gamma$ ES, our year is almost over. We are nearing the End of our course. We are standing on a threshold, the threshold of reality. A backward step returns us to the frivolous days of school life and childhood ambition. A forward step hurls us into the valley of life—a beautiful valley, but one deep and dangerous, in which many lives are shattered on the rocky paths of inexperience and temptation.

We are about to face life alone for the first time. No father, mother, or teacher to tell us when to work and when to play, no examination to test our knowledge, no conference to decide our petty difficulties. We shall learn to think, to decide, and to act upon our own judgments. May they be wise. Experience is a tough teacher, but one who imprints a lasting lesson. Our roads have been paved well by kindly parents and teachers, in the hope that some of life's difficult problems need not be solved the hard way. It is our duty to aspire to the heights they may have visualized for us.

We came to Normal to learn how to teach. Needless it is to remind ourselves, or each other, that we have crossed only the first stepping stones of the broad trail. We have been guided in teaching a few lessons; we have been taught the necessary underlying principles; and we have been given a definite goal for which to strive. More than that we have learned that the future will offer us additional knowledge, if only we will turn a listening ear and heed a well-meant word.

We speak of a goal so often. What significance has this word for you? A small boy will probably tell you that it is a space, between two posts, at which the players on a hockey team constantly aim the puck. In one sense this is true. But let us broaden the outlook. The hockey player must first aim the puck toward the goal. The essential factor is the aim.

All life is similar. Every man and woman must have an aim, which, if held high until realization. will eventually reach the lofty goal. Teachers (for thus we may soon call ourselves), establish a distant, worthy goal. Then plan your lives, your hopes, your dreams and your aims, in the direction which will one day lead you proudly to that well-earned destination.

Our goal as teachers may seem simple to some and complex to others. Far be it from my intention to define for you your goal in life. Far be it from anyone to suggest the outcome of any life in this time of chaos and doubt.

Never at any time in history has the entire world been plunged into such universal combat as it is engaged in at present. The gallant youth of every country respond to the call of their consciences to join the forces of Right, that the evil influences of Wrong may be crushed forever. Yes, they are sacrificing their homes, their freedom, their loved ones—their all—that we may live in peace and safety. Such has been the spirit cultivated by noble teachings in the hearts of these brave lads.

It is our solemn duty to pledge ourselves, at the outset of our careers, to instill this spirit of patriotism, courage—call it what you like—in the hearts of the children of today—the youth and manhood of to-morrow. We must lead them to see life in an unprejudiced light, to view life with a sane mind, but to distinguish right from wrong.

This is not enough. Having distinguished the right course in the sight of God and man, they must be inspired with the determination and courage to stand up, in the face of peril and defeat, for the opinions they embrace. Never can we replace the boys who died for us. But we can partly avenge their deaths by restoring to their places new valour and courage in the form of our children. If such a feeling may be created in these young lives, who is there to say a goal has not been attained—a goal lofty and long-enduring.

Yes, we have come to the end of our adolescence. We are facing manhood, womanhood and teacherhood. We are bound to make a success of life, as we see it, if only we aim high and never lose sight of these aims. Yesterday was a success, and it was fun, because we worked for success and pleasure. Tomorrow will be rich in benefits if, and only if we make it fruitful by conscientious work,

endless achievement, dauntless hope and irreproachable example.

Truly, the end of this life is only a beginning.

Anne Morgan

JOHN BALCARRAS 58 Alma St. St. Thomas He will never leave teaching for black-Smithing.



EDWARD GRAY Alvinston Leth bridge a pass between Gray and his goal.

RAY BANKES 991 Lorne Ave. London Six foot one and full of fun.





JOHN HATCH Duart Spontaneity in volunteer work is his forte.

C. A. BARDWELL Appin Charlie Bardwell makes a hit With his ever ready wit.





BERNARD HOY Fletcher In basketball and dancing he will always excel.

HAIG BROWN Parkhill He's particular—he selects the best Brand.





RONALD IRELAND 829 Queen's Ave. London What's in a name is not always the test. His name is Ireland, but he came from the west.

ALEXANDER
CAMPBELL
Newbury, R.I.
Light on the floor, but heavy
on the scales.





MAX JOHNSON Thedford, B. 2 Just another "man in the street" with teaching ability.

CARL DUNN
157 Quebec St.
London
He's going to teach in Yukon
—the fair City of Dawson.





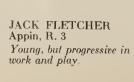
B. ALEX. McPHEDRAN Petrolia, R. 3 Motto— He learned his Home Economics by doing.

LEONARD EVANS Strathroy His ambition—to follow the footsteps of Buchan and Athlone.





ROSS MIDDLETON Clinton, R. 3 After leaving the Canada Bread Plant, he surely was Doey.







SIDNEY NORTH 11 Hemlock St. St. Thomas He is smooth in every field, especially basketball.

DICK PEASLEE Alvinston, R. 7 When the roll is called, he is certain to be just coming in the door.

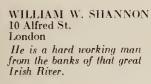


HELEN ANDERSON Strathroy She vows not to lose any books for 100 years.

GEORGE ROBBINS Thamesford Eloquent as Demosthenes and studious as Aristotle is he.

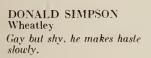


AGNES ARMOUR Thorndale, R. 2 When it comes to music, this is our guess, We can always rely on our Agnes.









MURRAY SQUIRE Glencoe, R. 3

it by experience.

He takes the best way—getting



GRACE BECKLER Hensall, R. 1 Ambition—to smile 60 minutes every hour, 5 masters a day.



CORA BERDAN Mount Bridges Her greatest ambition—to teach Mammie's little babics.

HARRY TELLIER Tilbury, R. 3 An excellent teacher is quick little Harry Who often hitch-hikes home to Tilbury.



CORINNE BIRD Dresden Although Corinne is a beautiful To say she has wings, is truly absurd.

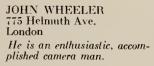


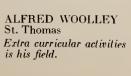
BONNIE BISSETT 25 Horton St. St. Thomas Ambition-to come into Science period on time-once.





BETTY BODKIN Talbot St. (West) Aylmer Betty Bodkin has auburn curls Which are the envy of all the girls.





YVONNE BRAND Alvinston Ambition—to have clothes and beaux.

HELEN CHASE St. Thomas, R. 1 Ambition—to grow some more as the soldier is tall.

JUEN BRANDON Bayfield Ambition—to be sweet and petite.





EDITH CHATTERTON Port Burwell, R. 2 'Tho' shy in school, when class is done Edith Chatterton is full of fun-

RUTH BROWN Tupperville Ambition—to stop "What's the matter, babe."





MARY CHIKAZ Harrow When you meet Mary, you meet no fraud. Her greatest ambition—to go abroad.

PAULINE BUCHANAN Comber Ambition—to change her seat for 'Evans' sake.





CLARA CLARK Bayfield Quite sedate, very serene, So good a pal, I have not seen.

IDA MAY BUTTON Charing Cross Ambition—to be idolized, not Ida May.





MILDRED CLARK
Watford
Quiel and shy—Mildred's the
name,
A friend indeed—and always
the same.

KATHERINE CAMPBELL Iona Station, R. 1 Her greatest ambition—to put salt in the polatoes.





ARDATH CLINE
Kings Mill
If in dancing you wish to shine
Learn from our own dear
Ardath Cline,

MADELINE CARDER Burgessville, R. 1 A ray of sunshine is Madeline, At baseball she is very keen.





DORIS COBBAN Mount Bridges, R. 2 Whether it be stormy or fine At Ping Pong Doris'll always shine.







MARIE CONLEY 11 Thornton Ave. London Bright and cheery Irish lass, She'tl succeed in all her tasks.

RETA CORNFOOT Glencoe She's a decided brunctte—'tis true. And more than that—she's a

friend true blue.



4

JAY DEIR 773 Little Grey St. London A girl with vim and vilality, Her grealest asset--personality.

MARCELLE CÔTÉ 226 Durand St. Sarnia Small in height, spirit bright. Born to ascend to untold might.



EDITH DOAN Sombra Edith is one with nary a foe, She's one of the trio we all know.

IRENE COULTHARD Glencoe, R. 3 About Irene there is no doubt. On May 15, she'll surely be out.





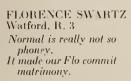
ELIZABETH DOBIE Glencoe Dopey Dobie is a scream, But as a friend, she is the cream.

MARIAN CREALY Strathroy Marian is a quiet girl At picking peaches, quite a whirl.





AUDREY DOEY
Blenheim
The hearts of all, dear Audrey
won.
Including that of our gallant
Middleton.







GWEN DORES 591 Oxford St. London Perhaps she does resemble a wren. For quiet and busy is our friend Gwen.

ELLA CRUICKSHANK Corunna The impression on us that Ella inparts Is, "She's 1A in her subjects, and A1 in our hearts".



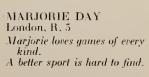
DOROTHY DOUGALL Hensall A manner pert, benign and frugal, These opaque words mean Dorothy Dougall.

MARION DAWSON Wheatley, R. 1 Marion's full of vilality and fun, Especialty when her work is "Dunn".





BETTY DRAGE Inwood, R. 1 Underneath her quiet composure Lies that wit which begs exposure.







MARIE DUNCAN Strathroy R. 6 Marie's pet saying, (I think it's droll) Is, "Oh, my goodness, bless my soult"

PHYLLIS DUNLOP Dresden She'll do well in any line, She's bright and gay and really fine.

FLORENCE ELLIS Sarnia, R. 2 A friend good and true is our Florence, Who loves to shaw you haw to

square dance.







EVELYN GAULT Watford, R. 1 The class will know it when she says halt. They'll fall in line for Evelyn Gault.

JOY FOSTER

Coatsworth, R. 1 Joy is her name And also her fame.

DOROTHY EMERY Parkhill Lovely is Darathy, clever is she; An old maid teacher she'll never be.



Kirkton, R. 1

MADALENE GILFILLAN Ouict, gentle, sweet and good, We love her as all people should.

JEAN FARMER 2012-8th Ave., E. Owen Sound She's a coy gal; no dithery fuss, But a dandy pal; personality plus.

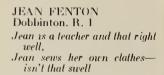


BETTY GILLETT Aylmer, R. 6 Betty Gillett is quiet and meek, But her friendship we all do seek.





ANNA GILLIES Parkhill, R. 6 Whether it be you ar 1, Her dimples always catch your eve.







DOROTHY GILLIES West Lorne, R. 3 A more cheerful young lady you'll never find, And to her pupils she'll always be kind.

DORIS FERGUSON Kingsville, R. 1 In Science she chants in a "minor" key, That's "Fergie"—our little Scotch lassie.





EDNA GOULD Iona Future pupils of Edna Gauld Please take no e: She'll not be fooled.







MILDRED GREER 221 Cobden St. Sarnia With a knit knit, knit She punctuates our Lit.

NANCY HALLIBURTON 360 Rankin Blvd. Windsor On fiction books Nance puts much thought. No wonder-her ancestor's Scott.

FLORENCE HALL 159 Hale St. London A quiet, demure, young lady—our Flo'. For her may the lamp of success

VERA HARÐING Uderton, R. 1 Vera says she's from 'way out West.

MYRTLE HARRIES St. Thomas, R. 3 From St. Thomas breezes Myrt, Always late, but that don't hurt.

RAE HAWKINS Forest Was she here for the first period

RUTH HAWKINS Brownsville Our fair equestrienne—when truck meets horse?-

EDITH HOAG 50 Kains St. St. Thomas Sweet is the voice of Song.

DORIS HOLMES Embro, R. 4 So quiet a girl you'll seldom find— Especially in Form 111.

















WILMA JACK 131 Myrtle St. St. Thomas A very studious student.

DORIS HUNTLEY

The cautious seldom err.

Putnam



BERNICE JACKLÍN Elmwood, R. 2 Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.



BETH JOHNSON Appin, R. 3 Where's Lethbridge?



BERNICE JUBENVILLE Pain Court Jubilant, joyous, juvenile, Jubenville.



MARY KESKANEK Sarnia, R. 3 Mary and her violin: "The touch of the master hand".



MARY KIRWIN Thames St. Ingersoll "Did father come today?"



HELEN LAIDLAW Aylmer, R. 1 The one who knows all about "communication".

LILLIAN LAIDLAW Aylmer, R. 1 Her hair doesn't match her disposition.

YULA LAMPARD Catherine St. Blenheim Another quiet member of the "silent" form.

MARY LAYNG Denfield "Layng" mae ler lum reick.

FLORENCE LEITCH Dutton, R. 2 The quieter half of the Lillie-Leitch household.

MARDELL LETHBRIDGE 1719 Iroquois St. Windsor Our Border City Star.

RUTH LILLIE Wallaceburg She speaks gently but carries a big stick.

OLIVE LOGAN Forest, R. 4 Reliable, resourceful, responsible, respectable, retiring, rewhatable.

SHIRLEY LOVELL Bothwell, R. 2 Take a look. You won't see her picture here next year.

















SHIRLEY MACAULAY Aberfeldy "That nauseates me".

ELOISE MACAULAY Aberfeldy

"He's a cute kid".



JULIANA MATUSKA 896 Elm Ave. Windsor "Dr. Mark, will there be a test on Friday?"



MARJORIE McCANN 2089 Verdun Windsor Quietly, Marjorie, quietly.



BESSIE McCORQUODALE Thamesford, R. 3 Whistle while you work.



ANNA McDONALD Parkhill, R. 5 Our budding homemaker.



HELEN McGINNIS Delhi Hobby—evading the issue.



IVAH McINTYRE Clandeboye, R. 1 A quiet, industrious girl.

MARGARET McCLELLAN Iona Station, R. 1 Form 111 has its own "Peggygogy".

MARION McLEOD
25 Myrtle
St. Thomas
Full many a flower was born
to blush——

D. McMANUS 141 Wellington St. St. Thomas Who is that boy from Form 111 whistling in the Hall?

E. McMILLAN Dutton, R. 2 "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a hearen for."

MARION McNIECE London, R. 4 Truly a pedagogical pedagoge.

ELVA McQUEEN Hensall Queen bee in the hive.

KATHERINE MILES Ingersoll. R, 5
Miles from Ingersoll.

THELMA MILLER Bothwell, R. 5
She can Both-well.































RUTH MILLS Wheatley, R. 3 Silence is golden.

VIRGINIA MONTEITH Dutton Well, what do you think...

ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY Cottam "Conscientious Liz".

DOROTHY MOODY Ravenswood She boasts great genius.

JEAN MOORE Kincardine, R. 4 She knows whereof she speaks.

MAVIS MOORE Fletcher, R. 2 Mr. Mc Kone, I pronounce my name May-vis.

MILDRED McSLOY Windham Centre Better late than never, but better never late.

ANNE MORGAN Hensall, R. 1 Anne Morgan, our girl from Hensall, While being editor, has ne'er dropped her pencil.

JEANNETTE MOSS South Talbot Road Delhi

A rolling stone gathers no Moss

INEZ MOWERS
Blenheim
Burning the midnight oil, but
oh, the morning after.

ELLEN MUNDY 352 N. Mitton St. Sarnia Never a blue Mundy.

WILLA MYERS Alvinston, R. 1 Will-a do it, or won't I?

HELEN NEWTON Thorndale The Mad Chemist—Formula II2 SO1+poetry.

EUNICE OESTREICHER Dashwood Eunice and Don had a duet. For Eunice plays the cornet.

ALICE OLDRIDGE Ingersoll, R. 5 She appreciates the North.

MARION ORCHARD Shedden I wonder, is it peaches or lemons.



MARGARET
PATTERSON
353 Emery St.
London
Stop that Patter—son.



ELEANOR PAYNE Kingsville, R. 1 Eleanor Payne Thinks it's a shame To have such a name But who is to blame?



KATHLEEN
PETTYPIECE
110 Richmond St.
Amherstburg
Whirling around with Taylor,
Just scrounging around and no
guff.



HELEN PIERCE Thamesville Whatever the task, be it hard or fierce, It shall be finished by Helen Pierce.



BETTY PINCOMBE Deleware Where you see Pierce: there you see Pincombe.



BLANCHE PRICE 638 Talbot St. London The sound of Blanche's sneezes Oft are wafted on the breezes.



MYRCYL PULLEN 1393 Moy Ave. Windsor Mercy me, seems there's nothing to do but Pull and Pull.



MARION ROULSTON London, R. 6 A small still roice crying out amidst our chatter.

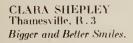
NELLIE SANDS Tupperville, R. 2 Found spread all over the beach at Waikiki

MARION TAYLOR Dorchester 1 combination of a lovely voice and red hair.

MARION SHAW Wheatley, R. 3 "Oh! Shaw! Stop it!"



BETTY THOMPSON Selkirk, R. 1 "I wish people wouldn't confuse me with Violet".



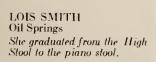


VIOLET THOMPSON Norwich "I wish people wouldn't confuse me with Betty".





DOROTHY THORPE 115 Bruce Avc. Windsor Dame Dignity statks in our midst and Britannia rules he classroom.





ANN TUFFORD St. Thomas, R. 1 Small in stature, great in guile, Mischief lurks in every smile.

MARJORIE SMITH Morpeth, R. 1 Dr. Hofferd: "Miss Smith, were you raised on a farm?"



LORNA WARDELL Alvinston, R. 4 What about the gas ration, Lorna? Watch the Fords go by!

DOROTHY ANN TAYLOR (156) 561 Chippewa St. Windsor In her usual whirl of activity, "Smarten up, Jeff, and get on the beam".



GRETA WEBBER Centralia, R. 1 I don't know Webber-to do it

DOROTHY ANN IRENE TAYLOR (157) Ettrick My name is Dorothy Ann Irene Taylor.



HELEN WHITTAL Staples, R. 1 The gurl with—all.

The girl with—all.

MARGARET WHITMARSH Wallaceburg Still waters run deep.

ALMA WILCOX Florence, R. 3 The other half of Roulston-Wilcox.

ALMA WILLOUGHBY Watford Always looking puzzled.











MARGARET WILSON Ailsa Craig, R. 3 Was e'er a dappled fawn as shy and timid.

RUTH WRAY
12 Erie Ave.
London
To use a present day idiom—
"She's a good head".

JEAN WRIGHT Maude St. Petrolia She may be Wright, but she could be wrong.

PAT McALLISTER 1081 Church St. Windsor Whose got a piece of foolscap? My lesson plan——

PAULINE DE LAURIER
Windsor
SISTER MARTHA
Windsor
SISTER ROSARY
London

SISTER MARIE BERNARD London

SISTER ANN BEATRICE Windsor

# Inside Information

ВΥ

Form 1—Charles Bardwell Edith Chatterton

Form II—MARION DAWSON

MARIE CONLEY

Form III—E. McMillan
D. McManus

Form IV—D. TAYLOR (157)
K. PETTYPIECE



# First Term Student Parliament

OF the many elections, perhaps the most memorable one was that of the First Term Student Parliament. Our Principal, Dr. Mark, became Honorary President by acclamation. After a spirited campaign, the following standard bearers emerged victorious:

Hon. President—Dr. Mark

President—Carl Dunn

Form 1 Rep.—Bill Shannon

Form 2 Rep.—Phyllis Dunlop

Vice-President— Haig Brown

Form 3 Rep.—Dorothy Moody

Secretary—Rae Hawkins

Form 4 Rep.—Dorothy I. Taylor

Treasurer—Ross MIDDLETON

The President's perpetual problem, like a party whip, was to get his executive together. He used to dash frantically from the manual training room to the art room, looking for his Vice-President or his chief financial supporter.

Our first duty was to decide the amount of a fee and it was no easy task to propose to the student body a fee which would evoke cries of joy rather than wails of despair. After much consideration and lengthy discussion, we levied a fee of two dollars a student.

The traditional Hallowe'en party was under the convenership of our executive. Although we had many a joint headache concerning the games, provision of music and cider, all seemed to enjoy themselves.

And now, on behalf of the members of the executive, I wish to thank you all for your splendid co-operation which made our term so successful.

Rae Hawkins

# The Second Term Student Parliament

EXECUTIVE: FORM REPRESENTATIVES:

President—Claire Fellows Form 1—Agnes Armour
Vice-President—John Balcarras Form II—Elizabeth Dobie

Secretary—Lois Smith Form III—MARDELL LETHBRIDGE

Treasurer—WM. SHANNON Form IV—ANNE MORGAN

A meeting of the Second Year Student Parliament was held on February sixteen to decide whether, in the existing war conditions, the Annual Year Book should be published. The matter was put to a vote in the Assembly and the decision was that a Year Book would be published. Several meetings were then held to make a list of nominations for the editors of the magazine.

On March twenty-four, the executive met to discuss plans for the Annual Banquet on the evening of May eight. A committee was chosen from the Student Body to be in charge of the affair. Jay Dier as decorating convener, Dorothy Thorpe as food convener, and Alex McPhedran as programme convener formed the committee. With such capable leaders as these, we are confident that the banquet will be a success.

Lois Smith



# SECOND TERM LITERARY

Back Row—Ruth Wray (Vice-Pres.), Edna Gould, Jeannette Moss. Front Row—Marian Taylor (Sec.), George Robbins (Pres.), Miss Gahan, Ray Bankes, Dorothy Emery (Treas.).



#### SECOND TERM STUDENT PARLIAMENT

Back Row—Bill Shannon (Treas.), Agnes Armour, Anne Morgan, Jack Balcarras (Vice-Pres.), Front Row—Elizabeth Dobey, Claire Fellows (Pres.), Dr. Mark, Lois Smith (Sec.), Mardelle Lethbridge.

#### FIRST TERM STUDENT PARLIAMENT

Back Row—Dorothy I. Taylor, Bill Shannon, Ross Middleton (Treas.), Dorothy Moody. Front Row— Phyllis Dunlop, Carl Dunn (Pres.), Dr. Mark, Haig Brown (Vice-Pres.), Rae Hawkins (Sec.).

# FIRST TERM LITERARY SOCIETY

Back Row—Inez Mowers, Alec Campbell, Edith Hoag, Claire Fellows. Front Row — Alec Mc-Phedran (Sec.), Ella Cruickshank (Pres.), Miss Gahan, Cora Berdan (Vice-Pres.), Alfred Woolley (Treas.).





# The First Term Literary Society

AS has been the custom for some years past, the students of London Normal School under Miss Gahan's capable guidance set about to organize a Literary Society soon after they had entered the pedagogical portals. Once elected, the members of this executive had an important duty to fulfil and, with the friendly co-operation of the Masters and the student body, they set to work.

The main purpose or aim of a society of this type is to promote and foster friendly and sociable feelings among the teachers-to-be, as well as to give them an insight into the functioning of an organization such as they might wish to have in their own schools.

During the months before Christmas a variety of programmes, with numbers ranging from dramatizations to musical selections, was presented by the various forms, with the result that Literary Meetings became something eagerly awaited, instead of a boring necessity. At the meetings just previous to Christmas, the portrayal of the various Yuletide scenes struck a peaceful note in the lives of all—troubled though they were in such an upset world.

However, the events which seemed to draw the student body more closely together and to evoke the most friendly spirit were the Christmas Party on the night of December seventeen and the Christmas Tree the next morning. After the latter gathering, all gifts exchanged were turned in by the students, to be given to the Children's Shelter—so bringing a bit of sunshine into the hearts of some poor youngsters.

Thus did the first term Literary Society try to perform its task and it is sincerely hoped that it was, to some extent, successful.

Alex. McPhedran.

# Second Term Literary Society

THE executive of the Second Term Literary Society took office in January
We would like to recall to you what we consider to be two of our most outstanding programmes.

Do you remember the tableau presented by Form II on February 6, for which Miss Jay Deir wrote the script? This made a fine dramatic culmination for our pioneer project. All amusements from apple-paring bees to courtships were portrayed. The excellent costumes and stage settings added greatly to the effect.

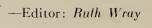
Then you remember the excellent patriotic programme presented by Form IV under the direction of Miss Jeannette Moss. The entire theme, including costumes and decorations, was patriotic. The air-raid shelter skit, conducted by Miss Kay Pettypiece and Miss Dorothy Taylor (156), was amusing, to say the least.

The sale of War Savings Stamps conducted by Miss Dorothy Thorpe proved very successful. Perhaps it was the patriotic influence of the meeting. One hundred and forty-five stamps were sold. The climax to the programme was a patriotic pageant. The various countries of the Allied Forces were represented. Miss Dorothy I. Taylor's (157) inspiring reading opened the pageant. Britannia was played by Miss Dorothy Thorpe. The solo "Let Us Have Peace", sung by Miss Marion Taylor, closed the pageant.

Our term of office has not yet expired and we hope our future meetings will continue to be interesting and helpful.

Marion Taylor.

# Social -Editor: Ruth Wray





# Our Closing Festivity

CALL you this prophesying? Possibly. But let me tell you, the evening of May eighth will long be fondly remembered by you. Why? For the simple reason it will be the night of our Annual Banquet.

Adequate phraseology fails me when I try to describe the banquet-room as you will see it. The decoration committee will have transformed this ordinarily "barren torture-room" into a blooming orchard in keeping with the theme of our banquet, "Spring".

Of course there will be the toasts and responses and—oh! I must not forget the representatives from each of the Toronto, Hamilton and Stratford Normal Schools who, in their turn, will rise and extend the heartfelt greetings of their schools Now don't become impatient. Certainly we are going to dine, and I am sure that many adjectives such as tasty, savoury and delicious, will be used to describe the dinner turned out by the culinary experts with their materials and tools.

Now it will be time for the buzzing to stop and then Professor Landon, of Western University, will rise and address us. Oh, you have heard of him? Former newspaper man and city librarian, here in London. Yes, it will be a very pleasing and educational address—one worthy of commendation.

We must and we will have entertainment. Selections by the girls' choir and some good old community singing will be part of the programme in the banquet chamber. But let us now look into the music-room. Just as you anticipated. Here you shall dance arm in arm with your "Beau Brummel" to the lilting melodies of your favourite songs.

All this will happen. Wait and see.

John Balcarras.

# The Critic Teachers' Party

MARCH the sixteenth, in order to show our appreciation of their kind deeds, we, student teachers, with the permission of Dr. Mark, our worthy principal, did our utmost to entertain our critic teachers.

The programme for the evening opened with a "bang" from our popular Normal School Or-chestra. The platform was decked in the colours of the Union Jack. Mr. George Robbins, as President of the Literary Society discharged his duties most acceptably. Dr. Mark welcomed the guests of the evening and of course, not without a very amusing story about St. Patrick. Miss Eunice Oestreicher and her brother, Donald, favoured us with a cornet duet, that lovely selection, "Birds in the Forest". The most outstanding and impressive part of the literary was the pageant presented by the girls of Form IV. From the auditorium we went to the gymnasium. Here, our guests were given a very friendly welcome to our gymnasium by our master of ceremonies, Mr. C. A. Bardwell. We must submit that Mr. Bardwell was quite nervous at first but, as time went on, he reminded us of our famous French master of ceremonies, Andre Bergeron.

Now, do you recall all those folk dances? Yes, certainly; you took part in them with the critic teachers. Don't you remember? Our girls really surprised us that night; the majority of them took an active part in the dances and were also often seen hunting for a partner. "Three cheers for the London Normal girls." The most popular and enjoyable folk dance of the evening was none other than "Cokey-Okey", taught exceedingly well by Miss Rae Hawkins.

The folk dances were quite amusing but, as the old slogan goes, "All play and no munch makes a very dull bunch". Two by two they entered the lunch room which was ornamented in white and green. No critic teacher was left behind that night. All sat in a large circular formation about the room to receive what we, as student teachers, had prepared for them. In the centre of the room was placed a large table to provide room for the dainty dishes. The centrepiece was an attractive bouquet of daffodils and pussy-willows. refreshments, under the convenership of Miss Ruth Wray and her assistants, were just another example to show what the Nineteen Forty-two class can do.

I could continue chirping about that party for hours but, I'm sure, everything would tend to show that the "soiree-dansante" was a real success.

Harry B. Tellier.



# The Hallowe'en Party

WHAT does the date October 31, 1941, bring to mind? Ah, that's it—the Hallowe'en Party. One would naturally have expected mysteries, deep and dark, but this was our first real get-together and we were strange enough to one another without adding a strange atmosphere.

Shall we ever forget the costumes present? For economy and ingenuity, could anything have surpassed the three soldiers with their tin horns! Their martial airs provided music for the Grand March. Many and varied were the costumes—from walking boxes to gypsies, from farmer Taylor to Indian Ireland. The ladies' prize was carried off by Violet Thompson, as a kippy Kiltie, while the men's prize was taken by Max Johnson, as a man in a box. We then enjoyed games directed by Dorothy Irene Taylor.

The Lunch Committee served us a truly Hallowe'en feast—cider, doughnuts, apples, and candy. It seems that the cider had been waiting for that party for some time.

Dancing was later enjoyed in the music room. That night we students, one and all, decided that the Normal masters and students are friendly, kindly and full of fun.

Phyllis Dunlop.

# The Christmas Party

LIGHTS! Action!—such a pity to have neglected the cameras!

The gaily decorated music-room, the laughing crowds, the Christmas-tree proudly presiding from the centre stairway—not one could have produced a mere "record shot".

No, it wasn't for nothing that we became known as the socially-minded class of forty-two. It all began on the evening of December the seventeenth, promptly at eight o'clock. Students and guests alike, enjoyed an exceptional presentation of a Christmas Eve pantomime, beautifully and reverently portrayed, under the direction of Miss Cora Berdan. Effective lighting greatly enhanced the performance.

The Grand March led by Dr. and Mrs. Mark completed a satisfying programme. Down the stairs, through the science-room, around the library and into the music-room poured the seemingly endless line of frollicking joy-makers.

Miss Inez Mowers was convener of the decoration committee. Their contribution added

greatly to the evening's entertainment. "Makeyou - want - to - dance" music melted the throng into one good-natured mass. High-lighting the dancing was a waltz contest under the direction of a capable master of ceremonies, Mr. Sydney North. Mr. Ray Bankes and Miss Ella Cruickshank were victorious.

Delicious refreshments were served in the gymnasium by a committee under the supervision of Miss Edith Hoag. Cakes had been baked and decorated by Miss Davidson and her willing helpers.

The spirit of the crowd is characterized by the zeal with which they entered into "All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor". An unforgetable evening! A tremendous stride! The first step on the ladder of social success!

D. Thorpe.

# First Term Athletic Party

FRIDAY, February 13, the school was dressed in its best with novel decorations of red and white in both the music-room and the lower rotunda. At six o'clock, all was in a hush of expectancy with only a dozen or so official-looking people wandering about, putting final touches here and there. At six-thirty, the school came to life with the clanging of a bell and our visitors from Ridgetown Collegiate trooped in.

Soon, the gymnasium was packed to the walls. Good sportsmanship was the order of the evening. Our girls' team defeated Ridgetown with a score of 10 to 2. Our boys won by 12 points.

After the games, everyone repaired to the music-room to dance. For the first time, the school's new sound system was put to use, very effectively. A system of numbered heart favours was used by the decoration committee to pair off the lunch partners. Lunch was served in relays in the serving-room by an efficient committee under the direction of Miss Davidson and Miss Ann Tufford.

Meanwhile, a series of prize dances were being held in the music room under the direction of co-conveners Miss Dorothy Taylor and Mr. Sydney North, presidents of the Athletic Societies. Dancing continued until shortly after twelve and a genuine feeling of goodfellowship was established before Ridgetown had to leave, closing the page of a truly memorable party.

D. Taylor.



# The Glee Club



"I am a melody, travelling through space To distant, sunlit goals".

THE GLEE CLUB was organized in October under the capable leadership of Miss Moore. Since that time approximately forty faithful members have attended practices on Tuesday afternoons. The results of these practices may be judged from the favourable reception which the club has been given on its three public appearances to date. The first of these was at the Christmas Party, the second at the program accompanying the exhibit of our project on Pioneer Life, and the third at the Critic Teachers' Party in Mar h. In addition we hope to include in our record an appearance at the forthcoming Banquet.

This thumbnail sketch of the Glee Club activities would not be complete without a word of appreciation and thanks to Miss Moore, who has laboured long and patiently in training us, and to Miss Lois Smith, who has so capably assisted as our pianist.

As one member speaking for forty, may I say that I feel sure we will carry away with us some lasting impressions of the enjoyment that we have received from taking part in the Glee Club activities.

Audrey Doey.

# Our First Aid Class

A MONG the many activities of the Normal School this year, our First Aid class has been by no means unimportant. Under the capable instruction and supervision of the doctors and nurses, its members have spent a series of extremely interesting and profitable evenings studying Home Nursing and Emergencies. We were fortunate, too, in having the splendid Red Cross equipment such as blankets, bandages and splints with which to do our practical work.

The importance of First Aid in our schools cannot be overlooked. Who can tell at what instant we may be called upon to put into practice what we have learned in our First Aid class? We realize, therefore, that this phase of our Normal School activities has played a real part in preparing us for our teaching years ahead.

On March 23, we tried our examination for the two certificates, "St. John Ambulance" and "Health, Home Nursing and Emergencies". As yet the results have not been published, but whatever they may be, I feel certain that this course will stand out in our memories as one of the most pleasant and profitable of our student activities.

Claire Fellows.



# Orchestra



THE Normal School orchestra was organized during the Autumn Term under the able guidance of Miss Moore. In this term only rehearsals were attempted.

Thrilled but nervous we gave our first public performance in assembly one morning in January. On the occasion of the Critic Teachers' Party we were asked to assist with the program. Our main number was a medley, "Echoes of Naples". At present rehearsals are devoted to preparation for an appearance at the coming Banquet. The selection will be "Grand Opera".

It might be mentioned that at the Christmas Party, our own swing orchestra provided dance music for a short period. This venture proved successful.

Orchestra members:—Piano: Ruth Lille, Lois Smith.

Cornets: Eunice Oestreicher, Ellen Mundy.

Violins: Ruth Brown, Juliana Matuska, Mary Keskanek.

Drums: Leonard Evans.
Saxophone: Ross Middleton.
Guitar: Alfred Woolley.

Mary Keskanek.

# The Camera Club

Director: Miss Emery. President: Agnes Armour.

Representatives:—Form I. Leonard Evans. Form II. Joy Foster.
Form III. Ruth Lillie. Form IV. Marion Taylor.

THE CAMERA CLUB was organized early in October under the direction of Miss Emery for the purpose of advancing artistic ability among the students, and for the special benefit of those who were interested in Camera work. The officers who were elected laid plans for the season's program. Through the friendly co-operation of the London Camera Club, and especially Mr. Middlebrook, we were allowed to sit in on one of their meetings to get an idea about how to carry on our work. None of us will forget his first attempt at colouring snapshots.

After this the Normal School Club started out on its own. Meetings were held bi-weekly for the discussion of some feature of Camera work and of any snaps taken recently. Mr. Middlebrook willingly lent his talent on several occasions and we are deeply grateful to him for his effort. The last act of the Club has been to take the group pictures appearing in this book. Thus the readers are given a practical demonstration of the work done.

With this beginning the Camera Club should continue through the years at London Normal School. We hope to hear of its achievements through these channels.

Leonard C. Evans.



# Three Cheers for the Victory Club

MONDAY night finds L. N. S. the stage and setting for an interesting scene of activity. Willing students cheerfully enter, as a rare privilege, the front door and climb three flights of stairs so

that they may become a part of one of the busy groups in the Red Cross rooms.

Our work has shown us some of the talents which lie hidden in the fingers of the students. Loyely work in knitted baby garments comes in steady streams to swell the amount of work being accomplished. Many a soldier will be much warmer judging by the socks, scarves and helmets turned out by busy needles. Life in some air raid shelter will be made more bearable by our shelter rugs and afghans. Of course we must not forget the sewing group and their excellent work on children's garments.

Back of all our work has been the cheerful and encouraging guidance of Miss Davidson. The Victory Club has valued her assistance and leadership in helping the students of this year's class do

their bit to achieve victory for democracy.

Helen Pierce.

# Audubon Clubs

PACH form has been equally proud of its Audubon Club this year. Under Dr. Hofferd's helpful guidance the students have become more deeply interested in bird life and nature generally. club meetings were held in Dr. Hofferd's regular Monday periods for a good part of the year.

In Form I Corinne Bird and George Robbins, the president and secretary, led most enlightening meetings. The dramatization of "The Sandpiper" was an outstanding programme number.

Form II's club chirped off to a merry start under the direction of Audrey Doey and Marie Duncan. Competition in making a collection of comments on the returning Spring birds proved interesting. The secretary's opinion is that an Audubon Club will flourish in each student's red school house next

Helen McGinnis, the secretary of Form III, declares that Dr. Hofferd was afforded a day of rest when Ruth Hawkins, the Club's president, took charge each Monday. Outdoor life was discussed in

a variety of ways.

"Quiet, please", were Kay Pettypiece's words as she opened the Form IV club meetings. Betty Pincombe kept the careful records. Many interesting programs were presented. Dr. Hofferd added spicey comments frequently. A novel idea introduced was the payment of a fine by anyone neglecting to wear her bird club pin. The Red Cross is now richer by thirty-nine cents.

Dr. Hofferd has been generous with his time and talent. He conducted several field trips for those

students whose interest was keen.

# Christian Fellowship

MISS Monica Mingi, the I.V.C.F. representative, visited our School last Fall and invited those who were interested to meet to organize a Normal School group. A large number met, officers were elected and weekly meetings followed. Numbers often dwindled, some lost interest, but the work of the Holy Spirit present in the Fellowship meetings brought light to a few souls and encouraged their hearts. As a result of these meetings with those of other schools, the prayer of each member is to "know Christ" and to "make Him known" by our walk and work in future teaching years.

Cora Berdan.

# The 1941-42 Enterprise

WHAT a bee-hive of activity! What a buzz of conversation in the halls of Normal! The 1941-42 enterprise, "Pioneer Life in Old Ontario," was on its way. Under the inspiring leadership of Mr. McEachern the whole school participated in one of the most interesting and educational activities of the year.

Each Form concentrated on one of the main divisions of the enterprise namely, The Early Settlers, Transportation, Doctor, Industry. All the pupils worked industriously and cooperatively upon the subdivision of their own choice. During this working period the masters, the instructors and of course our librarian were frequently consulted, for we had to find the material, sort it, organize it and display it.

Then came the last Friday in January and with it, the culmination of our enterprise in the music room. What a sight! Villages, farm scenes, home scenes and war scenes were all depicted. Nothing was there that did not do credit to our school. Everyone was pleased and happy, but most pleased of all was Mr. McEachern.

The literary programme was in charge of Second Form. Some of the members of this Form very

capably enacted the amusements of the pioneers their subdivision of the enterprise.

Another highlight of the day was a Red Cross Tea sponsored by the Victory Club. This was well patronized. Perhaps the tea cup reading had something to do with that. So ended one more profitable day at London Normal.

Grace N. Beckler.



By Margaret Patterson

#### **EXECUTIVES**

SPRING TERM

President—Dorothy Taylor Jay Deir
Vice-President—Ann Tufford Mardell Lethbridge
Secretary—Ruth Hawkins Margaret Patterson

FALL TERM

REPRESENTATIVES

FORM I—HELEN CHASE

MADELINE CARDER

MILDRED CLARK

FORM III—RUTH HAWKINS

FORM IV—HELEN NEWTON

REPRESENTATIVES

MIDDRED CARDER

MILDRED CLARK

BETH JOHNSON

ALMA WILLOUGHBY

These executives helped to make the Girls' Activities for 1941-1942 one of the best witnessed by the London Normal School. The capable leaders, Dorothy Taylor and Jay Deir, with their assistants, had their programme for the year well organized. They were able to do this because of the fine spirit of co-operation and sportsmanship which was displayed by every member of the executive.

Girls' Athletics came into the limelight this year, so much so, that the following activities were undertaken strenuously: Volleyball, Basketball, Table Tennis and Badminton. Owing to our skilled players, Basketball became most popular during the Winter season.

#### VOLLEYBALL

Fall activities got off to a fine start with mixed teams in Volleyball. These teams were organized under the instruction of Miss Prendergast. Through the medium of this sport many dull evenings were converted into enjoyable diversions from the labours of lessons. Volleyball has great possibilities for entertainment because of its large number of participants, its inexpensive equipment, and its simplicity of play. Weeks of enjoyment for Normalites were provided by the four teams, each consisting of six girls and three boys. These were led into the tournament by Carl Dunn, Alex. Campbell, John Hatch and George Robbins.

Mixed teams proved a success since they displayed more competition. The powerful masculine serve together with the light feminine touch on the ball provided exciting games. In fact the games were so spectacular that the spectators could hardly hold their seats down.

As the schedule progressed more skill was displayed by the athletes. Consequently the games became more competitive, which caused frequent snappy arguments between the referee and scorekeeper. This added to the abundance of enthusiasm already displayed in the game.

Successive elimination left only two teams in the finals. Before cheering on-lookers Carl Dunn's team forged ahead to win the series with no defeats and no ties. This made the following students members of a championship team: Carl Dunn, Ray Bankes, Alex. McPhedran, Madeline Carder, Jay Deir, Mardell Lethbridge, Helen McGinnis, Agnes Armour and Yvonne Brand.



#### BASKETBALL

Basketball was the principal sport of the Winter season. For the event of the Ridgetown game a team was chosen by Miss Prendergast. The last few minutes of this game were most outstanding, the score being 25-24 for Ridgetown. But before the final whistle blew Dorothy Taylor, our all-star forward, mounted the score to 30-25 for London Normal. This well-deserved win produced high spirits for future games. Dancing concluded the evening.

The Normal Girls' Team competed with other experienced teams in the city, including Westervelt, St. Angela's, Central, Western and Technical School. Normal won six of their ten games. The cheers led by Pauline De Laurier helped to spur the girls on to victory.

#### STRATFORD GAME

The Girls' Basketball Team of the London Normal School spent an enjoyable evening when the girls from Stratford were their guests. Many acquaintances were made during the supper hour. A fast and furious game followed, ending with the score in favor of London, 39-15. Games and dancing concluded this event. We extend our thanks to Miss Davidson and the girls who capably assisted her. Thank you, Stratford!

Agnes Armour.

The members of the Basketball Team were:

#### Forwards:

DOROTHY TAYLOR—Centre—pass—TAYLOR—score.

MARDELL LETHBRIDGE—Versatility+dynamite = MARDELL.

MARGARET PATTERSON—Wee parcel of fleetfootedness plus snap.

#### Guards:

AGNES ARMOUR—On to victory with AGNES at the helm.

HELEN NEWTON-Not lacking in fire and zip.

JEANNETTE Moss—Demonstrated the most remarkable improvement during the season.

JAY DEIR-Lend me your running shoes.

ALMA WILLOUGHBY—Supplied the steady hand and even keel so necessary to every team.

#### Substitutes:

BONNIE BISSETT, MILDRED CLARK, MARJORIE DAY, KAY PETTYPIECE.

Jay Deir.

#### TABLE TENNIS

At the beginning of the first term Table Tennis created a great deal of enthusiasm. For most of us it was a new and different game. This made Table Tennis still more alluring. Those who had swung a tennis racket had merely to reconstruct their experiences. With them this game was a favorite pastime. However, by trial and error, the inexperienced players soon found out which serves and which strokes proved most successful.

After a few preliminary practices the ping pong table was always a centre of special attraction. Those most frequently attracted were:—Mardell Lethbridge—Lucky net shots. Ella Cruick-shank—Confusing backhand stroke. Beth Johnson—Still practising. Eunice Oestreicher—Low, skimming passes across the net.

#### **BADMINTON**

Last, but not least, a Badminton club was organized under the capable direction of John Wheeler. This club met every Monday evening in the Fall from four until five o'clock—an hour which could not be overlooked by those who played. Participants were RAE HAWKINS, GWEN DORES, BETTY BODKIN, EUNICE OESTREICHER and ANN TUFFORD.

#### BOYS' BASKETBALL

Left to Right—Dick Peaslee, John Hatch, Carp Dunn, Bernard Hoy (Capt.), Edward Gray, Sidney North, Leonard Evans, Alec Campbell, Alex McPhedran, Ray Bankes.

#### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Left to Right—Miss Prendergast, Jeannette Moss, Mardelle Lethbridge, Jay Deir, Dorothy Thorpe, K. Pettypiece, Marjorie Day, Elizabeth Dobie, Helen Newton, Alma Willoughby, Margaret Patterson, Mildred Clarke, Agnes Armour (Capt.).

# FIRST TERM GIRLS' ATHLETIC

Back Row—Ruth Hawkins, Dorothy Taylor (Pres.), Jay Deir, Front Row—Helen Chase, Miss Prendergast, Absent—Ann Tufford (Sec.), Helen Newton.

#### SECOND TERM GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Left to Right—Back Row—Beth Johnson, Mildred Clarke, Miss Prendergast, Alma Willoughby, Madaline Carder. Front Row—Mardelle Lethbridge, Jay Deir (Pres.), Margaret Patterson (Sec.).

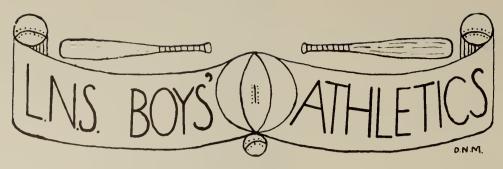
# SECOND TERM BOYS' ATHLETICS

Left to Right—Back Bow—Haig Brown, Alec McPhedran (Pres.), Ray Bankes.

# FIRST TERM

Left to Right—Dick Peaslee, Sidney North (Pres.), Jack Fletcher.





By Bernard Hoy

Although games concern the physically active side of boys' athletics, let us look behind the scenes where the wheels of sport were kept smoothly turning. Two societies tied here for efficiency and co-operation with the staff and with the athletes.

#### **EXECUTIVES**

FIRST TERM

President—SIDNEY NORTH

Vice-President—JACK FLETCHER

Sec.-Treasurer—DICK PEASLEE

SECOND TERM

President—ALEX. McPHEDRAN

Vice-President—HAIG BROWN

Sec.-Treasurer—RAY BANKES

THE spotlight of boys' athletics, like all Gau!, was divided into three parts. The three rays thus formed shone on table tennis, volleyball, and basketball, with the last of these producing the most brilliant lustre.

#### TABLE TENNIS

A table tennis tournament early in the year revealed that many of the men were adepts of the celluloid spanking art.

Strenuous eliminations, gruelling semi-finals, only two of these racqueteers remained. George Robbins and John Hatch were the remaining aspirants to fame. These two, both shorter than most of their opponents, had relied on speed and footwork during those preliminary games. Thus fortified they had pushed on past the curve-ball experts and the longer-reaching drivers who would deter their march to glory. Then came the final test. What blazing speed was exhibited in those three games! The ball appeared as a phosphorescent streak as it flew from side to side. Many a fear was entertained lest that sphere might become an incendiary pellet and ignite our temple of learning. However, the officials, by frequent changing of balls, and by cooling the bats in buckets of water, prevented that catastrophe, and made possible the completion of the match. That day George Robbins emerged the victor, and was crowned king of the courts. Many a stiff-necked spectator who attempted to watch that duel from the side of the table will testify to the veracity of this tale.

#### **VOLLEYBALL**

Mixed volleyball teams were organized in October. Weeks of enjoyment for Normalites were provided by four teams each of six girls and three boys, led into tournament battle by Carl Dunn, Alex. Campbell, John Hatch and George Robbins.

During the first games, athletes for the first time encountered the limitations of our low, raftered, gymnasium. With practice, this difficulty was soon overcome, then sparkling court-long drives, perfect serves, and clever forward wall work were bringing the spectators to their feet.

The schedule called for two contests between all pairs of teams. An amazing record of six victories, no defeats, and no ties was compiled by Carl Dunn's aggregation. This made his team undefeated, in fact invincible, champions.



#### BASKETBALL

Last, but most popular with players and fans alike, was the basketball squad formed in this school. This was the only unit which operated outside of the school. All games were of an exhibitional nature, but this fact did not lessen the spirit of competition by one iota.

The first practices of the season showed, beyond shadow of doubt, that this was destined to be one of the greatest teams ever produced by L.N.S. There was displayed on those nights an abundance of talent. One barrier, disunity, opposed the moulding of a formidable team. Basketball as played in the Collegiates and High Schools of London, Watford, Ridgetown, St. Thomas, Petrolia, and Strathroy made the group one composed of pairs of players and individualists. For a time this force threatened the very existence of the team, but successive practices obviated the difficulty.

Game number one was played in Ridgetown with only six members of the team making the excursion owing to lack of transportation facilities. In the spacious, new gymnasium the Normal boys piled up a total of 27 points to outnumber the 20 amassed by their opponents.

Since the second game of the season is to be used later as a meter of advancement 1 beg my dear reader to pay special attention to the score. This game was played at Beck Collegiate where the Normal Boys took a terrible trouncing to the tune of 27-14.

Following this disconcerting blow the boys practiced diligently, the success of their efforts being indicated by the records of ensuing contests. Win after win was accorded the locals as they beat Westervelt Business College twice on the Central Collegiate floor, drubbed St. James twice on our own floor, and again defeated Ridgetown, this time in our own gynmasium.

The last two games of the year warrant a more detailed resume. One of these was the first time the boys had ever pitted themselves against another Normal School team. On this occasion London overwhelmed the boys from Stratford by a 25-5 score. The other game was one played against Beck Collegiate. The same team which had beaten the Normal boys so soundly at the first of the season. Of course the Beck boys had improved since then, but Normal's stalwarts were confident that their own improvement had been even greater. Keyed to a high spirit of revenge and determination Normal entered the struggle. At quarter time Normal led by one point—a big margin since the score was low. When the half time whistle blew Beck had sunk several long "luck" shots to lead by six points. Normal School warriors fought grimly in that second half, expending all their energies in a vain effort to equalize the odds of battle. The boys lost that game but only by a score of 28-24. I feel that that is a true indication of the progress made by a hard-working, cooperating team during one season of play. Seven won, two lost, none tied, a record of which the school and players may be justly proud.

Observe the picture of this team. This is the style of the individual members.

DICK PEASLEE—"A left-handed, left forward with a deft shot".

JOHN HATCH—"A hard working forward who has come a long way".

CARL DUNN—"Always a threat on the forward line".

BERNARD Hoy-Couldn't be kept off the floor; you see he was the captain."

EDWARD GRAY—An "aggressive guard always tangling with enemy forwards".

SIDNEY NORTH—"A guard who was a sweet ball handler".

LEONARD EVANS—"A rangy guard skillful at snagging enemy passes".

ALEX. CAMPBELL—"A big guard who sometimes upset the score".

ALEX. McPhedran—"A tall guard who expertly hit the twine".

RAY BANKES—"Another lanky centre who finished many plays properly, in the basket".







"But words are things, and a small drop of ink, Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think . . . "

# It's All in the Docket

Characters: Judge

Defendants—1, 2, 3

Spirits (1) Lawyer Rationalization " Faulty Reasoning (2)

Time: Mid-December.

Setting: The Judge looks down from his throne upon the dais in the Reformatory School, the book of evidence open before him. He needs no mallet to command attention as the thick court docket catches the eves of every witness, and silences each into a look of grave wonder. The first defendant in the corner seat squirms as Lawyer Rationalization whispers encouragement, for the defendant fears the hand of Fate.

JUDGE (slowly and with great deliberation): The day of the great trial has come! You are assembled here before me to learn whether you are guilty or not guilty of any recent questionable procedures, and whether your conduct about the school has improved. The decisions of the jury rest in my hands. No lawyer for the defense is of any avail. You will merely occupy the box as your cell number is called and hear the verdict. Will Defendant 1 please take the stand?

(DEFENDANT 1 takes stand trembling).

JUDGE: Please be seated. (Begins to search for

evidence).

LAWYER RATIONALIZATION: Well, you know that you spent at least thirty-six hours planning that first attempt—must have left a wrong clue somewhere.

JUDGE (finally): Your record shows increased attempts to do better in carrying out your

plans, but,-

DEFENDANT 1 (to himself): Wonder how he

found out about them all!

LAWYER RATIONALIZATION: Remember that time you took a piece of concrete along to help the management of the troublesome. It may have been more disciplinary than pedagogical. The other attempts outshine that one.

JUDGE: But,—the downfall is coming if you do not move from the borderline between this school and the penitentiary. Placed on

probation!

DEFENDANT 1 (pacing back to seat, head drooping and face crestfallen, and muttering to himself): He might as well have told me that

I am dead, but I won't lie down.

LAWYER RATIONALIZATION (trotting along at the heels of the defendant): Perhaps we have both been too hasty in our generalizations— "There's nothing that warps judgment more than strong emotion"

JUDGE: Will Defendant 2 take the stand? DEFENDANT 2 (ghastly and cringing, followed closely by the shadow of his lawyer, Faulty

Reasoning).

JUDGE: You have been able to observe model procedures, but your own applications and expressions do not show that you have profited by your observations.

FAULTY REASONING: The masters of general and special methodology both said to do it that

way.

(Defendant looks at floor in front of him as he hears stirrings among the witnesses).

JUDGE: On the whole, your trials for reform are creditable and the trend of your curve denotes progression. Keep on trying!

FAULTY REASONING: Try and try and try again, but it looks as though you'll never succeed!

DEFENDANT 2 (to himself): It's a long road that has no turning!

JUDGE (watching the clock to see how many more cases before the time will be up): Will Defendant 3 please take the stand?

DEFENDANT 3 (moves towards the box with an open mind but still more slowly than previous two, with, however, a faint ray of hope dawning from the last report).

JUDGE: Each day's report is better than the last. There is still plenty of room at the top and opportunities for securing honours. Perhaps--

DEFENDANT (after heaving a great sigh, catches his breath at the last word, and to himself): Now for the "cons"

JUDGE: You, too, might make closer observations of model procedures.

(The Great Judgments are brought sharply to a close by a loudly pealing bell).

JUDGE: Cases will be resumed later!

The play is done—the curtain drops, Slow falling to the prompter's bell;

A moment vet the actor stops

And looks around to say farewell. It is an irksome word and task;

And when he's laughed and had his say,

He shows, as he removes the mask, A face that's anything but gay.

—Thackeray

Alice Baxter.

# Achievements of Science

SOMETIMES I think all of us are spoiled. I mean those among us born in this generation and age; born in a world of luxury and comfort and conveniences, without giving a thought to the men who courageously and pain-stakingly. and perhaps with many a heartache, have given us what we have today.

I am writing, of course, about the chemists and men of all branches of Science who contribute so much towards our welfare, and, speaking generally, do it unselfishly.

It would take up too much time and space for



me to enlarge upon the growth of the Sciences during the past few hundred years, but one cannot feel anything but a deep gratitude towards the men who paved the way for the modern scientists. Where, I wonder, would we be without them all? Without chemistry would we be any further advanced than men and women of the Stone Age, people whose only law was a superior sort of brute force?

From flint and tinder of grandmother's day to electric lighting of today is a far cry, yet we press the button or the switch without thinking of Thomas Edison who made this convenience possible for us. We eat canned foods without a thought of the men who made canned food fit for human consumption. When we turn on the radio do we not fail to remember the late Marconi, and the thousands of scientists who are striving to improve on his first idea? We answer the telephone just as casually as we stop to speak to a friend on the street. We say a piece of cloth, or perhaps a curtain or rug is "pretty", quite forgetting the men who are responsible for making it so. One could go on endlessly. Think of the help that scientists and biologists have given to the great medical profession. How greatly misery and suffering have been lessened as a result of their untiring efforts.

From the little I have seen and read I think these men live in a sort of transcendent world of their own making. Do we appreciate our wonderful good fortune? I suppose that the trouble is that we don't sit down and think often enough. We just take everything for granted and accept every new invention that comes along thought-

lessly and selfishly.

Sister Ann Beatrice.

### An Unappreciated Friend

"A friend in need is a friend indeed"

EVERY Normalite will agree that we have had many helping hands to steer us from the chasm of discouragement and make clear before

us the pathway to our noble goal.

There has been one friend whom perhaps few have looked upon as deserving of mention. True, this faithful colleague has never stood in the glare of our auditorium limelight, nor has the applause of the student body ever echoed in his ears. Nevertheless, he deserves our thanks for he has ever been a faithful servant behind the lines.

Perhaps you query, "Who is this friend?" A peer through our music-room window will reveal our ally standing at his post, loyal and true. No storm or ailment can prevent him from taking up his post at our side door. There he remains, patient and still. If a lusty gale is blowing he may shift rather uneasily, or again he may hum softly to himself. If waiting has rather wearied him he may give a lusty cough which resounds through the main street, bringing the last vagrant

student tumbling down the steps with frantic

You have seen him many times as he stands there, his arms open, eager to transport his favourite friends of the week to one of our "Student-Wonderlands" where they may spend an hour with thirty or forty pairs of little angel eyes peering questioningly up at them. When next year finds each of us the sole commander of his own little "Wonderland" we shall no doubt then appreciate the work of our faithful helper, and bless him for the opportunity he has brought to our very door.

But what of him in the coming year? Already, his food and clothing have been rationed and mechanic starvation stares him in the face. Furthermore, he must tread along on tip-toe for, if his present supply of Goodyear shoes become scuffed and threadbare he cannot replace them and as a result he may find himself a barefoot

locomotor. So-

While the thrills of Normal still remain with us, Let us sing three cheers for "Our Friday Bus".

Sister M. Rosary.

The Teaching Profession

X/ELL we are in it—this teaching profession and proud we are to call ourselves teachers. The highly responsible task of teaching and training the eager, malleable young minds, has been entrusted to our hands. May God give us the strength and courage to do that which is right and to make these young people patriotic, Christian citizens. These children will leave us ready for the enormous demands of an outside world, which is cold, unsympathetic, and beset with dark pitfalls. All of us, have observed during our year of training, how the children in the practice schools respected and idolized their teachers. May we, too, merit the confidence and love of our pupils. But we must be worthy of their worship; we must be an embodiment of the higher ideals which we would have them strive to attain. Our faces must reflect only that which is honourable, and therefore our minds must be pure. Our own ideals must form the goal for the pupils and if we want the pupils to strive for that goal, it must be worthy of their effort.

The turmoil and convulsions of the present day will become righted in time. The germ centres of hatred and revenge will be sterilized and our children will enter once more a world that has

become cleansed.

We must persevere to see that these young folk go forth bearing the banner of decency and respect. They will form the nucleus of the new world which will rise again.

Let us pray that our soldiers, sailors and airmen who have gone forth to crusade may proudly

say:
"We have not fought in vain For decency and freedom live again." Ross Middleton.

- 1. New staff of Lorne
- 2. Aren't we comfy?
- 3. Seen on London Bridge

- 1. But remember McCormick's.
- 2. Oh,——— Should we intrude?
- 1. Peddling for victory.
- 2. Dick's in the background.
- 3. Sweet and shy.

- 1. Principles of Method.
- 2. A critical time.
- 3. Where do we go from here?

- 1. Feeding the birds.
- 2. What's the joke?
- 3. Day is done.





- 1. Say cheese.
- 2. Harmony?
- 3. All A's and B's,

- L. It's V for victory.
- 2. Two more fish?
- 3. Coy?

- 1. A consultation.
- 2. We saw this and we wood have it.
- 3. In good company.

- 1. The first snowfall.
- 2. Hectograph or tray?
- 3. Curb service!
- 1. Three of a kind.

- 1. Please-Be kind?
- 2. We'll go there or bussed.

# A Poetry do

Editor: Corinne Bird

## Spring's First Robin

Just back from his Winter vacation Spent 'neath the south sun's ray. The first breath of Spring has brought him Quite close to our door today.

The heart is thrilled to see him, So stately, yet carefree and gay, Standing erect on a swaying limb, Rocked in the March wind's way.

He seems to be reminiscing As he flutters from tree to tree. His proud red breast expanding, For a mate he hopes to see.

No doubt they will cheerily chatter, As he tells of his friends down south, Of the gay serenades, his host's friendly flatter And the laurels won beyond doubt.

But hush! The robin breaks into song. With a rippling flow of tune, While cascading raptures trill along, Our ears to all else are immune.

Thanks to you, little traveller, For the joy you bring to earth. All praise to Him who made you, And gave you your song and your mirth.

Sister M. Rosary.

### The Control Tower

It stands, a sentinel of light, For those who fly aloft to fight; Alone it lords above the field, The Airman's one and only shield.

A turning beam, it shines o'er all, Across the plain, 'gainst mountain wall. It guards, it guides, with grave concern, That our protectors safe return.

Through the fog, or through the hail, Its steady message shall not fail; That grey and stationary tower—A symbol of the Unseen Power.

Helen M. Newton.

### Why?

Why plead for pleasure when the sun Is shining in the sky? Why pine for music when the birds Are piping tunefully?

Why hunt for health when health is free In quiet country lanes? And why, when nature gives relief Take drugs for all our pains.

Why seek a cure for killing Time, When country sights and sounds Are all the cure our spirits need, And peace o'er all abounds?

God spreads His mercies round about For man, and bird, and beast, Yet man, the greatest of them all, Appreciates them least.

Sister Ann Beatrice.

### Contentment

Contentment cannot be bartered, It can neither be bought nor sold. The poor are as welcome to it As the rich with all their gold.

In a restless quest for happiness You may search the whole world o'er, But getting it dwells within you, You can find it at your door.

Of course, you will have some trouble, Life is just that way, you know. You can't always live in the sunshine, You need some shade to grow.

Contentment cannot be bartered, It's something more precious than gold, For he who possesses contentment Has riches, yes, riches untold.

John Hatch.

### May

The snowdrops white Tulips delight, All in the month of May.

Green grass beneath Its blades unsheath, All in the month of May.

The moon above Young lovers love, All in the month of May.

But tests anew Perplex the view, All in the month of May.

Phyllis H. Dunlop.



### Our Challenge

You'll never down old England No matter what you do, Her people are her fortress, Our hearts are staunch and true. Bring on your secret weapons, Bring on your hordes of men. But the cause of right and freedom Will triumph once again.

Our buildings may be levelled, Our countryside be marred. But the mighty soul of England We are sure will ne'er be scarred. For we are all united In a cause we know is right, You'll never down old England For we'll fight! fight! fight!

John Hatch.

### Alphabet en Vers

Quand Adam fut crée . . . tout seul il s'ennuya Dans de vagues pensers trop souvent absorbé. Il suppliait son Dieu de les faire cesser Dieu crut à ses désirs devoir enfin cedé L'homme en fut pour sa côte Eve fur alors crée Eve était séduisante et belle ou premier chef Depuis sa création sa race a peu changé Et de plair et seduire elle s'est fait la tache A force de s'aimer le monde s'arrondit L'amour, ce doux plaisir, cette douce magic Ne donnait que bonheur et jamais de fracas La femme était constante et le mari fidèle. Que faire! Ils étaient seuls, il faut bien que l'on s'aime. Pas de rivaux d'amour, pas d'ennuis, pas de haine. Oh! c'etait le beau temps des plaisirs et des repos. Tandis que de nos jours ou vait l'homme occupé Courtant sous le destin, par le besoin vainque Et pour qui le travail devenu nécessaire S'assied à chevet, le poursuivant sans cesse Et bien! soit: Travaillons et vive la gaité Que jamais le chagrin ne nous trouve abattu J'ai vu plusieurs hivers; je pense avoir trouvé. Des amis que je tiens en réserve au beau fixe. Je crois à ce bonheur; comme moi croyez y Et qu'un Dieu protecteur nous soutienne et nous aide.

Harry B. Tellier.



### Our O.A.C. Trip to Guelph

SINCE this article must go to press before we actually take the trip (May 13), I am privileged to anticipate the interesting and profitable outing we shall have. The trip is to be made via C.N.R. and on our way we shall give the students of the Stratford Normal School a royal welcome as they come aboard the train with us. At Guelph we shall meet the students from the Hamilton and Toronto Normals.

At the O.A.C. we shall have the privilege of visiting various departments such as the Chemistry department for a brief lecture on soils, the Bee department for an illustrated lecture on Apiculture, a stroll over the grounds to see shrubbery and trees used for beautification, the Poultry department to view the rearing and housing of chicks, and a grand view of the Livestock Parade, when we shall see at first hand the characteristics of the various breeds of horses, cattle and sheep. "First hand" knowledge is Dr. Hofferd's motto!

This year we will be obliged to supply our own lunch and shall not be able to enjoy the usual luncheon served in the huge dining-room by the O.A.C., owing to war conditions. Nevertheless, we shall be able to appearse our appetites, from our full baskets, with glee.

During the afternoon—Hurrah! for the soft ball contests played between the teams from the visiting Normal schools. We hope that both our boys' and girls' teams will give good accounts of themselves. At any rate, we are going to cheer lustily for them and that may help much to win the pennants.

Here's hoping for fine weather and a grand spirit of co-operation.

Ruth Wray.



### Our Visit to Silverwood's Dairy

FRIDAY afternoon Dr. Hofferd made the announcement that we would visit Silverwood's Dairy the next morning. At ten o'clock we met at the school equipped with rubber boots, umbrellas and raincoats to brave the weather which the weatherman provided. We splashed down to Silverwood's, arriving there about ten twenty.

We first visited the dairy where the milk was brought in from the farm and prepared for home consumption. The cleanliness exercised in this process impressed all of us. We also saw the components found in one quart of milk. In the plant across the street we saw many interesting processes. Milk was being canned and one of the men very quickly tested one case for faulty cans. We marvelled at his dexterity in this process. We saw the Babcock test done, how irradiated milk is prepared, and how frozen eggs and butter are gotten ready for shipping.

The cleanliness in both dairy and plant the was very impressive. Each night all the machines in which milk comes in contact are taken apart, washed, scalded, and put back together again.

Last, but not at all least, we visited the cold storage where the ice cream was stored. The temperature in this room was eleven degrees below zero. As a climax to this most interesting visit we were each given an ice cream bar by the guide, with the compliments of Silverwood's Dairy.

Jeanette Moss.

### Our Visit to Canada Bread

A HINT from Dr. Hofferd that our ravenous appetites might be rewarded with a tasty morsel of pastry was all the motivation needed.

We students of Third and Fourth Form proceeded to the Canada Bread Company on March 6, 1942, at precisely eleven o'clock, with Dr. Hofferd as our leader. At least he led us to the door and from then on we explored every "nook and cranny". A spicy odour of delicious pastry tinged with that enticing aroma of freshly baked bread and Mr. Redfearn greeted us at the door.

Our first visit was paid to the most probable place—the pastry and cake room. Thousands of cakes, thousands of rolls, hundreds of cheese tarts, and big bowls of chocolate frosting surrounded us. After we had devoured all that was possible we next visited the rooms where the delicious browncrusted bread is made.

From then on it was a whirl of activity—the mixing of bread dough, the machine cutting the dough into loaves, the putting of it in the oven, and then the grand award of the crisp, browned bread.

Mr. Redfearn gave us a short talk about Canada Bread before we left. We expressed our thanks and Dr. Hofferd his. I also think we expressed our thanks in the amount we ate. Canada Bread products are "tops". It is said that "bread is the staff of life". Canada Bread certainly does its share to keep the "staff" reinforced.

Inez Mowers.

### A Visit to McCormick's

GREAT was the joy and anticipation of every Normal student when we learned that our usual Friday morning test was to be replaced by a tour of McCormick's Candy and Biscuit Factory. About ten-thirty Friday morning the students began streaming into the factory by the score.

During the tour special interest was shown in the manufacture of Jumbo biscuits for army use and also that of cream wafers. We were all greatly amazed at the machine-like rapidity with which the girls packed all types of biscuits. They certainly displayed a great deal of the "muscular co-ordination" of which we constantly hear. Naturally a great interest was also shown in the candy department.

We found our guide and also the workers in the various departments to be most generous and obliging. Although their generosity did not noticeably affect the afternoon attendance at Normal, rumour has it that several girls went on voluntary rations at noon hour. However the case may be, I feel sure that all who were privileged to attend will join me in extending a hearty vote of thanks to the management and staff of McCormick's plant.

Juen Brandon.



# Jokes

Editor: Anne Tufford



### To Our Readers

If you don't get these jokes, inform us, and we'll write them on tissue paper-so you can see through them.

Mr. Clarke, teaching English: "What is plural of lady"?

Helen Newton: "Ladies". Mr. Clarke: "What is the plural of 'baby'?"

Helen: "Twins".

About a hundred years ago A wilderness was here. A huntsman with powder in his gun Went forth to hunt a deer. But now the time has changed, somewhat, And on a different plan, A Deir with powder on her nose Goes forth to hunt a man.

Once upon a time there were two Irishmen now there are lots of them.

Bill Shannon: "I believe this school is haunted".

Wheeler: "Why?"

Bill: "Dr. Mark is always talking about the school spirit."

Miss McManus, while teaching one day, asked a pupil to write one verse of poetry including the words "analyze" and anatomy." He wrote:

> "My analyze over the ocean, My analyze over the sea. Oh! Who will go over the ocean And bring back my anatomy?"

Mr. Clarke: "What is your composition on?" Ross Middleton: "On folded paper."

Mr. Clarke: "Yes, but what have you written about?"

Ross: "About five pages."

Miss Davidson: "What did you find out about the salivary glands?'

Dorothy Taylor (not Irene): "Nothing at all—they're so darn secretive."

#### NOT SOIL GOOD

Not soil good. Wherever did you unearth that pun? Humus tave seen or sod it some place. It almost grounded me. It should gravel a laugh any time. Can you sand much more of this or had I better quit before you get a headacre? It was dust too tricky for worms. Land Sakes!!! If you like this terra it out and keep it furrow long time.

Dr. Hofferd: "What would you do if difficulties were to arise relative to obtaining materials in your school?"

Miss Bird: "I'd migrate."

#### Normal Men's Woes

Life isn't very fair to us men. When we are born our mothers get the compliments and the flowers. When we are married our brides get the presents and publicity. When we die our widows get the insurance and the Winters in Florida.

Kay Pettypiece (entering store): "What do your envelopes run at now?"

Smart Clerk: "They don't run, madam, they are stationery."

Rae Hawkins (teaching a grammar lesson): "The cow was in the pasture'. What mood?"
Pupil: "The cow."



Those who flunked their examinations should remember that, after all, a zero is nothing.

### THE GRAMMAR LESSON

You see a pretty girl walking down the street; she is, of course, feminine. If she is singular you are nominative. You walk across to her and as a result become dative. If she is not objective you are soon plural. You walk home with her and her mot' er becomes accusative. Then, you enter and sit down where her little brother is the definite article. Next, you talk of the future and she change to the past. You kiss her (Vous l'embrassez) and her father becomes present. Things are tense and soon you find yourself the "Past Participle."

Harry B. Tellier.

D1. Mark: "Mr. Bardwell, you understand mechanics—what is an attachment?"

Charlie (drowsily): "Love."

"That driver ahead must be my old school teacher."

"Why?"

"She seems so reluctant about letting me pass.",

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### WHAT'S IN OUR NAMES?

Many Miles from London Normal, on the Moss Bankes of the Shannon, in North Ireland, nestles the attractive settlement of Jubenville. The old Gray Hall towers above the many Holmes, which are surrounded by rows of Lillies growing in the Sands.

This quaint village is ruled by a Deir Squire, who wears Armour. He is assisted by two Clarks, who Wright their reports with Chalk.

The Squire's Moody Farmer, Jack, cares for his Orchard and Logan berry bushes. When the early Wrays of sunlight Pierce through the trees he enjoys the songs of a single Brown Bird and many Robbins.

The village Miller cares for the Mills. They produce a good Brand of flour, which does not make bread Doey, and brings the Miller a good Price. He is very busy every Day, which is always Mundy.

Other inhabitants of Jubenville are four Sisters and many jolly Fellows. They all wear uniform, Woolley Cotes with one Button on them. They are made by the Carder and three Taylors.

Since Dunlop tires have become scarce their favourite sport is the Chase. When riding across the Moore they are always singing "The Campbells are Coming."

So now my story is Dunn.

E. Mundy.

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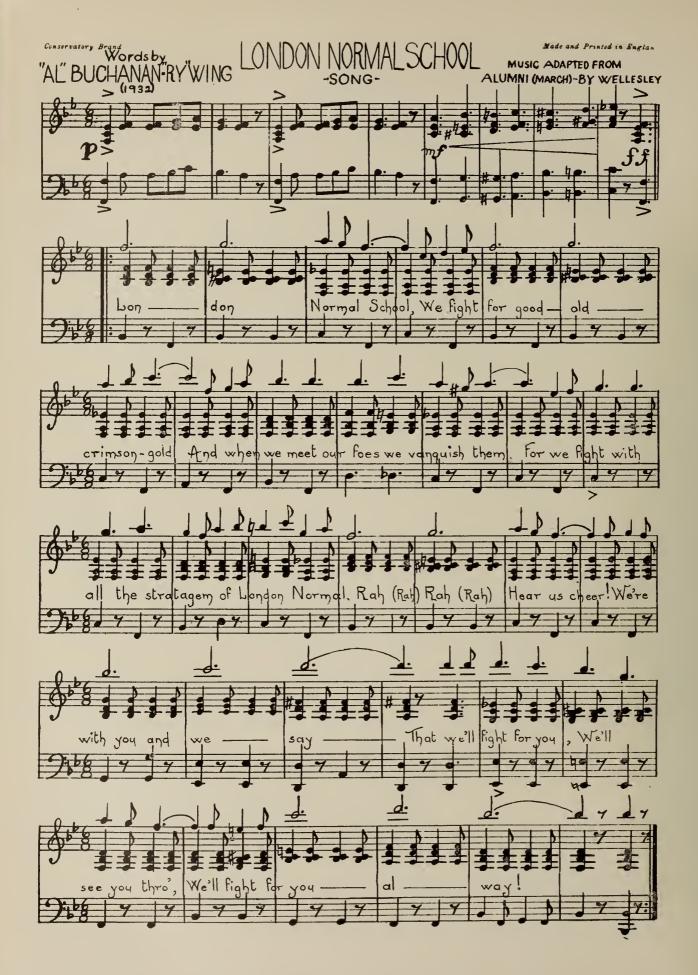
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Marg. Patterson: "Air in a hurry."

Dr. Hofferd: "McAllister, what is dust?" Pat Mc. (after some thought): "Mud with the water squeezed out."

Mr. McKone: "And so we find X is equal to zero."

John Hatch: "Gosh—all that work for nothing."

Mr. McEachern: "When did the revival of learning begin?"

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Pupil: "An Englishman wears one in his eye."

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